

The Flower Widow.

(Original.)

Alicia Styles was troubled. What troubled her was her own secret and was not suspected by any one. Indeed, it was not suspected at all that she was troubled. Why should she be? She owned the finest farm in the county, was a college graduate and comely. True she was an orphan, but as far back as she could remember she had always been an orphan. Her home was with an uncle and an aunt.

What troubled her was this: She had nearly passed what might be considered the best age for women to marry—she was twenty-seven—and was not married. Had it not been for her property she might have been married long ago. None of the young men of her acquaintance dared to aspire to the hand of the heiress, especially an heiress who was a college graduate. Nevertheless Alicia was a country girl and desired to remain a country girl. If she married she would marry a farmer.

On her return from college she did not think of marriage. She had resources within herself which were greatly broadened by her education. For a time she read books on the lines marked out for her in college and was satisfied. But one morning she awoke to the fact that she was drifting into perpetual spinsterhood. The prospect did not please her. In her childhood and youth she had been deprived of that affection which exists in families and was averse to passing the latter half of her life without husband and children. She thought over the bachelors of her acquaintance and after some deliberation settled on Silas Blakely, a young farmer with little on his farm except a mortgage. On him she resolved to bestow her hand.

She did not know that Blakely would care to marry her, though she rather thought he would. But, considering she was well to do and he was poor, she knew he would not have the assurance to propose to her. She must propose to him. How should she propose?

One evening Alicia saw Blakely coming up the road, driving the stock from pasture. Hurrying into the garden, she gathered a bouquet and said to it, "I take you beautiful flowers, with your pink and blue and crimson and white complexions, to be my wedded husband." Then, calling to her aunt, she told her to take them to the well and throw them in as soon as Blakely came opposite, making sure he saw her doing so. The aunt took the bouquet, went to the well and when the young farmer passed acted as she had been told.

"Why do you throw those beautiful flowers away?" called Silas. "They are my husband," said Alicia from the porch. "I'm a widow." "What do you mean by that?" "Have you ever heard of the proverb 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise'?" "Yes."

"Well, if you wish to know the meaning of my being married to the flowers, go to your books, and if you hunt patiently you will find out." With this she went into the house. Blakely hurried on to overtake the stock which had passed during the brief dialogue, but he knew not of horses or cows; the strange episode had got into his head, and he was filled with wonder as to what it meant. While Alicia had been telling him that she was a widow she had looked upon him kindly, and her voice, which was sweet, still sounded pleasantly in his ears.

Now, Silas Blakely was no fool. His education was good for a countryman, but he neither had the books nor the inclination to hunt through them for any interpretation of such an insane proceeding. One of his schoolmates, however, had gone to college and had become a professor. To him Blakely wrote an account of the episode, asking for an interpretation.

Alicia possibly wished to test Silas' common sense. To hunt for the explanation himself would have been like looking for a needle in a haystack and while doing so his farm would have been sold out under the hammer. It was a long while before he received the interpretation to the conundrum, but when it came he opened his eyes and his heart started up at a gain of a hundred beats to the minute. The same evening, getting off his farm clothes and into a very respectable outfit, in which, by the way, he looked very well, he went to call on Alicia. "I have come," he said, "to offer all I have—that is, my farm with a mortgage on it—for the flower widow."

"And how," she asked, blushing and smiling, "do you learn what is meant by a flower widow?"

Blakely told her of his application and showed her the reply, which was as follows: "In India a man often remains unmarried longer than he would desire simply because he cannot afford to pay the sum the father of a desirable daughter demands of him to be son-in-law. Widows, however, are cheap, and a wily father who finds his daughter is getting on in years while suitors tarry takes advantage of this fact. He marries his girl to a bunch of flowers, which he then throws into a well. Thus the lady becomes technically a widow, and as such she is a bargain in the marriage market. The flower widow is secured as a wife by a suitor who would not have dared offer a small sum for her before her so-called marriage."

Alicia found in Silas Blakely the man she desired for a husband. He not only lifted the mortgage from his farm, but managed hers for her so that both prospered. Through her life Alicia was devoted to her husband and her children, and when the former died no flowers were thrown in the well. She remained a real widow.

F. A. MITCHEL.

A Fantasy.
Phyllis stood like a sweet maid
Down by the stream on verdant sod,
Holding a slender bamboo rod.
Her anklet then rent the ambient air.
A catch big had left its lair.
To chase the rat tucked in her hair.
—Harper's Weekly.

SLAIN GIRL HAD LOVE AFFAIR

Letters Found in Hazel Drew's Room Develop New

FEATURE IN POND MURDER

Laying Bare Her Whole Life—Detectives Learn Many Things That Surprise the Young Woman's Most Intimate Friends.

Troy, N. Y., July 21.—Fragments of letters found at the residence of Professor E. R. Cary, where Hazel Drew worked up to a short time before her body was found in Teal's pond, carefully put together by the authorities, indicate that the murdered girl had a number of correspondents. One of them is said to have been an employee of the New York Central railroad. Detectives are seeking him.

District Attorney O'Brien declines to make public the contents of the letters. A club found on the shore of the pond has been submitted to the authorities with the suggestion that it may have been the weapon with which Miss Drew was killed.

There is a story here to-day that Hazel often met a Pullman car conductor whose run was between Syracuse and New York. He lives in Manhattan, and detectives have been sent to find him and get the full story of his friendship for the girl. While he is not suspected of the murder, it is believed that he can throw much light on the past life of the girl that will help to trace her movements on the day of the tragedy, and perhaps develop a motive for the crime.

PREPARES FOR DEATH AND GIVES BLOOD TO SAVE WIFE.

Newark, N. J., July 21.—In one of the rarest operations known to surgery, the life of Mrs. Annie Bradley of 13 Clover street was saved at the eleventh hour by the infusion of over a pint of her husband's blood, drawn from his radial artery into her veins.

A week ago her life was despaired of, now she is far on the road to recovery at St. James' hospital, while her husband, Patrick, is apparently none the worse for his experience. The operation was performed only after the last rites of the church had been administered to both husband and wife by Father Donnelly.

AFTER THREE YEARS

Man Who Killed Edward Dewhurst Has Made a Confession.

New Bedford, Mass., July 21.—For the murder of Edward Dewhurst at Hazelwood park on the night of Wednesday, July 12, 1905, three years and a week ago, William Crockett Howard, a private soldier at Fort Rodman, was arrested by Inspectors Gendron and Sylvia of the police department yesterday morning.

Howard confessed to the crime, but he claims that he killed Dewhurst in self defense, after the latter had flourished a revolver in his face. He was arraigned in the third district court this morning and will plead not guilty to the charge of murder which is now lodged against him, although he admits that he killed the man.

NO NEGRO ELKS.

The Supreme Court Restrains Blacks From Using Title.

White Plains, N. Y., July 21.—Supreme Court Justice Morschauser yesterday filed his decision in the suit brought by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks for an injunction restraining the Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the World and the grand lodge of the latter order from using the name or title of the plaintiff "or any name or title similar or identical thereto." The defendant order is composed of negroes. The white Elks are now holding their convention at Dallas, Tex., and the decision of the Court has been awaited with much interest. Justice Morschauser decided in favor of the plaintiff and grants the injunction asked for.

Justice Morschauser says in his decision that the defendant order has no limitations as to color, but is formed mostly of negroes, while to become a member of the other order one must be white and a male citizen of legal age.

"In furtherance of justice," says the Court, "the plaintiff is entitled to the relief asked for in the complaint, with costs."

The Court says that the defendant order adopted the emblem of the plaintiff and the titles and seal of the latter, as well as using the initiation membership cards and colors. The constitution and by-laws of the defendant are similar sign of recognition has been adopted. "The defendant," says the Court, "seems to have practically appropriated the name, title, seal, card, emblem and color and nearly everything else used by the plaintiff in conducting its corporate affairs."

It is also pointed out by the Court that it has been shown that the members of the defendant order have attempted to give the secret sign to members of the plaintiff order and thus sought to secure recognition.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND



No other medicine has such a record of success for woman's ills in the world as received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For more than 30 years it has been the standard remedy for feminine ills, Inflammation, Ulceration, and consequent Spinal Weakness.

It has relieved more cases of Backache and Local Weakness than any other one remedy. It dissolves and expels tumors in an early stage of development.

Irregularities and periodic pains, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, quickly yield to it; also deranged organs, causing pain, dragging sensations and backache. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the female system.

It removes that wearing feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, irritability, irritability, nervousness, dizziness, faintness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or "the blues." These are indications of Feminine disorders, which this medicine overcomes as well as slight derangement of the Kidneys of either sex.

Women who are sick and want to get well should refuse to accept any substitute for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

JINGLES AND JESTS

A Heartbreak Escape.

Stella—I suppose you have had many hairbreadth escapes?
Knicker—Yes, a woman's coiffure was all that kept me from seeing a play once.—Harper's Bazar.

Sparing the Horse.

Cabman (with exaggerated politeness)—Would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse?
Stout Lady (who has just paid the minimum fare)—Why?
"Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Children.

They play upon the city's street
In all their childish glee,
And yet two-thirds of those I meet
Are mysteries to me.

They play, oh, yes, and laugh, and shout—
Their voices fill the air,
But while they jump and run about
Oh, how the darning aches!

They swarm in hundreds—nothing less—
They reach from side to side;
They've made the pavements quite a mess
With missiles they have shied.

They toss their balls, ay, spin 'em swift,
And then the ball-bats crack,
And ere a warning hand you lift
They bang you in the back.

They mount the soap box on its wheels
And two or three abreast
Come with all force against your heels
And knock you galley-west.
They put a chip upon a stone
Then whirl a club sky high
And ere their scheme to you is known
You get it in the eye.

They swing a rope across the pave
And skip with constant thud,
While you, a sadder fate to save,
Must tread the gutter's mud.
At any place or hour they choose
They screech and yell, the dears!
And half the language that they use
Would shock a truckman's ears.

—Brooklyn Life.

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to RESTORE GRAY or FADED HAIR to its NATURAL COLOR and BEAUTY

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 25¢ times as much in \$1.00 size.

IS NOT A DYE.
Solely for Sale, at New York, N. Y., 51 and 53c bottles, at druggists.
RED CROSS PHARMACY.

SAY EBERHARD KILLED AUNT

Police Search Whole Country For Youth Last With Women

LURED FROM AUSTRIA

Not at His Father's Home—Detectives Told of the Threats Made Against Suitor of the Victim's Daughter.

New York, July 20.—The tale of a crime so revolting and cunning as to be almost unbelievable has been disclosed by investigation into the case of Mrs. Otilie Eberhard, a well-to-do Viennese widow, whose body was found on the railroad track in a lonely section of Hackensack, N. J., early Sunday. At first it was believed that the woman had been struck by a train and killed.

Subsequent investigation, however, revealed that she had been murdered and her body placed upon the track in an effort to destroy the traces of the crime. As a result, the police are searching for August Eberhard, the dead woman's nephew, who had imported Mrs. Eberhard to come to this country and to bring her little fortune of \$2,000 and her twenty-year-old daughter, whom August promised to marry. The young woman herself, however, refuses to believe that August had any part in the tragic death of her mother. But detectives have gone to the home of the man's parents, who live on a farm near Dutchess Junction, N. Y., and the search for him is being vigorously prosecuted.

HUMAN MONSTERS.

Degenerates Who Have Revealed in Deeds of Blood.

No country is free from nightmare creatures, twisted natures apparently born without the slightest respect for human life. Some, indeed, seem actually to take a horrible delight in the destruction of their fellow creatures. Such a one was Alfred Knapp, executed at Hamilton, O., in August, 1903, for the murder of his wife and four other women. After his conviction and when he saw that no hope of life remained he coolly admitted that he had been a stranger for years, poisoning on little children, throttling them to death and hiding their bodies.

The "human mole" was a German degenerate whose horrible crimes shocked not only Germany, but the whole world. Johann Bobbe was his name. Though thin and weak looking, his hands and arms were abnormally developed, and his finger nails were simply claws. Without any other tools than his hands he could burrow into the solid earth.

He had a little tobacco shop in a back street in Berlin, and here he excavated a deep pit under the floor and arranged a trapdoor over it. At the bottom of the pit was a huge iron spike. He would decoy his victims on to this trap and hurl them down to be impaled on the spike below.

No one knows the full tale of his victims. A deep pit was found in the yard adjacent, which was half full of moldering human remains. Among others was Bobbe's own wife.

Another German criminal of a similar type was the schoolteacher Mueller, who was arrested on suspicion of murder at Duernburg, near Bayreuth. Evidence against him was only circumstantial, and it seemed that he might escape till the magistrate had the remains of a widow, who was supposed to be a victim of his, dug up, and Mueller was confronted with them. Then he broke down and confessed to a string of murders extending over a period of eight years. The details were so terrible that the court was cleared, and later the magistrate himself came out white and shaken.—London Answers.

Japanese Compositors.

Japanese "types" have their troubles. K. Sugimura, literary editor of the Tokyo Asahi Shimbun, says that he especially admires the linotype typesetting machines. "Unfortunately we are unable to use them in Japan, for our language has forty-seven letters, as well as over 3,000 Chinese characters, and such a number of types of, of course, beyond the capabilities of any machine yet invented. In the printing office of our newspaper in Tokyo the compositor must often walk the whole length of the room to fetch one character, instead of standing in one place before a single case, as the English or American compositor can do."

Woman Suffrage.

The next congress of the International Woman's Suffrage alliance will be held in England.

Lady Henry Somerset calls attention to the fact that 2,584 different petitions for woman suffrage have been sent to parliament. The recent world's woman suffrage congress at Amsterdam, Holland, had delegates from twenty-three different nations. Among them were enfranchised women from Australia, New Zealand, Finland, Norway, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho.

A Dime Novel Reader.

"Did you tell Johnny to spit that kindling?"
"Yes."
"But he didn't do it."
"No," he said he'd swim in blood first."—Washington Herald.

Eat What You Want

And let Kodol digest it.

There can then be no fermentation, no pain, no distress—no indigestion.

Eat a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food every day. Eat what the appetite calls for, because that is what the health and strength of the body require.

Then don't worry about indigestion or dyspepsia; but take Kodol occasionally—at the times when you need it, and your food will be digested completely; but don't diet and don't deny yourself the food you like, for dieting is unnecessary; it is wrong to be hungry.

Food is fuel for the body. It furnishes blood, bone, health and strength; but it must be digested first, and you are not going to be healthy or strong as long as your stomach fails to do its work.

Don't fear to eat the food you like for as you know the body requires a variety of it and that which you don't eat may be the very thing you need to supply the necessary strength for your body.

We say eat what you want and let Kodol digest it. Nor do you have to take Kodol all the time; you wouldn't want to have to take it all the time. Take it just when you need it, and in that way allow it to help the stomach to get strong and well.

But when you do eat what you want, and what you like best, be sure that all the food is digested; you must be sure that the stomach is able to digest it.

Else that portion of the food, which remains in the stomach undigested, irritates the stomach lining, and that is what causes pain. Then again undigested food ferments in the stomach and that is what causes sour risings, gas and belching.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

How He Won the Title "The Carthaginian of Maine."

Among the many stories of Hannibal Hamlin's early experiences in the Maine legislature none is more animated than his tilt with John Holmes, interesting, besides, because it gives the origin of "the Carthaginian of Maine," a name that stuck to Hamlin through life. Holmes had been in the United States senate, and at this particular time, wrote General Hamlin, a member of the state house of representatives, was endeavoring to dislodge him.

Hamlin disputed the leadership with him, and Holmes attempted to crush his young opponent by coarsely ridiculing his swarthy complexion. Instantly Hamlin jumped to his feet and, pointing his finger at Holmes, retorted: "If the gentleman chooses to find fault with me for my complexion, what has he to say about himself? I take my complexion from nature. He gets his from the brandy bottle. Which is more honorable?" This retort was greeted with great applause and cries of "Go on!"

Hamlin then continued, pointing his finger at Holmes: "I will also tell the member from Alfred that he is more conspicuous for trying to run dryshod over young men than for trying to encourage them. But as long as they are true to themselves and to nature and as long as the member from Alfred sticks to the brandy bottle they need not fear him." As soon as the cheers of the house could be sufficiently silenced Holmes retracted his words and made a manly apology. "The young Carthaginian routed the old Roman" was a humorous comment on the incident, and from that time Hamlin was thus frequently characterized.—Lewiston Journal.

One Way to Look at It.

Cornish humor is often unconscious, a writer in the English Illustrated Magazine says, and proceeds to furnish a concrete example.

"Gwain to larn your boy the fiddle, are 'ee?" asked one Cornishman of another.

"Iss," was the reply.

"He wa'n't never play the fiddle 'tall."

"Ow shouldn't aw?"

"Cos his head's too big."

"Go on with 'ee. The bigger the head the more tunes he'll hold."

Earth and Moon.

The moon's real diameter is 2,160 miles, not much more than a fourth of the earth's. Her surface is 14,000,000 square miles, or between a thirteenth and a fourteenth of the earth's. The earth's volume exceeds the moon's nearly forty-nine and one-half times, but the moon's material is lighter than the earth's, for the earth's mass exceeds hers not forty-nine and one-half times only, but nearly eighty-one and one-half times.—New York American.

Historical Revelation.

"How did you distinguish Achilles from the girls?" asked the Greeks. "How could you see that he was a man in woman's garb?"

"He didn't," explained Ulysses, "drop his handkerchief every time he turned around."—Kansas City Journal.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Bores, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on the face. It is a beauty cream, and every woman who uses it will find it a joy forever. It is a beauty cream, and every woman who uses it will find it a joy forever.

Prepared by Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, 27 Rue de la Paix, Paris.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

A Nation That Poisons Itself.

The American people affords all kinds of waste, its greatest extravagance being wanton waste of life. Samuel Hopkins Adams says of this in the July McClure's:

"We as a people pay little or no heed to the instruction of the public doctors whom we employ. We grind down their appropriations; we flout the wise and by no means over-rigorous regulations which they succeed in getting established, usually against the stupid opposition of unprogressive legislatures; we permit—nay, we influence our private physicians to disobey the laws in our interest, preferring to imperil our neighbors rather than submit to the inconvenience necessary to prevent the spread of disease; and we doggedly, despite counsel and warning, continue to poison ourselves perseveringly with bad air, bad water, and bad food, the three B's that account for 90 per cent. of our necessary deaths. Then, if we are beset by some well-deserved epidemic, we resentfully demand to know why such things are allowed to occur. For it usually happens that the virtuous public which rallies up with a stone in its hand to throw at the health officer. Considering what we, as a people, do and fail to do, we get, on the whole, better public health service than we deserve, and worse than we can afford."

INSANITY IS A BLOOD DISEASE.

It Was Long Supposed, However, to Be an Affection of the Brain.

"Insanity is not a disease of the brain," says Dr. William Hanna Thomson, in the July Everybody's "because no anatomical investigation, microscopic or otherwise, can show the least difference between either brain cell or fiber of a person dying insane and the healthy brain of one killed in an accident. But the same absence of brain changes is noticeable in a whole class of important chronic nervous diseases, such as migraine, neurasthenia, hysteria and epilepsy. None of the show post mortem any characteristic changes from normal brains."

"Now, no one can minimize the importance of these nervous diseases. Insanity alone is serious enough. When that dread specter appears, there is no getting used to it. Years of familiarity with it, both in private and in official relations, do not lessen my recoil from the spectacle of a permanent, instead of—as with drugs—a temporary, mental derangement. But it is facts connected with these blood which awaken the hope that we may find elsewhere than in the brain the cause and therefore, with the cause, the best treatment for this dreadful affliction, as well as also for the other nervous diseases which cause no brain changes. If the brain of a man who has been addicted to immense doses of opium for years still shows in it no trace of this mind-deranging agent, while chemistry quickly finds the reactions of this drug in his blood, the mistake of years on this whole subject begins to come into view. It is singular how long the sway of that error has continued, for even yet many physicians, including some neurologists, cannot see the two sides of the problem."

Resource Becomes a Menace.

America's immeasurably greatest asset—her inland waterway—is becoming a pronounced menace to the continent's future prosperity, because, through slovenly farming and profligate forest devastations, the streams are now rushing unchecked to the sea, taking with them on their travels the best elements of the fertile lands of the farming valleys.

At the present rate on most careful estimates by the eminent scientist,

Dr. W. J. McGee, this soil waste is much over a billion tons a year; an amount so stupendous that it is beyond the powers of human comprehension. It is worth to the farmers not less than a dollar a ton and as the dangerous conditions are constantly increasing, the ownership of a Mississippi valley farm will soon be a burden rather than a blessing unless the devastation of the river slopes and watersheds be sharply checked.

Shifting bars on river bottoms mean lost farm land; rushing floods of muddy waters tell an eloquent story of piratical forestation and sloped agriculture. Every ounce of sediment in flowing streams means lost soil which should be lying between farm furrows bringing grain and vegetables to fruition. Every muddy stream tells its own story of shifting banks and sliding soil.

Farm outlines are being changed every twenty-four hours along those watercourses the Father of Waters sweeping majestically to the south with thousands of tons of earth carried in the shape of sediment and with the richest soil salts held in solution, for this river erosion robs the farmers by three processes: taking first the solid material which the currents roll seaward on the river bottoms; secondly by the quantities which flow in suspension as a sediment and last, by the soil salts which disappear in solution.—August Technical World.

Troubled with Eczema?

A few applications of Hill's S. R. & S. Ointment will benefit the worst cases of eczema ever known. Hill's S. R. & S. Ointment recommended by thousands of people everywhere. Costs 25c at the drug store. D. F. Davis.

Which Breed?

Miss Cadell—Yes, May Roxley is just as mad as her father as she can be. There was a little puppy with a great pedigree that she wanted him to buy for her, and he wouldn't do it.

Miss Assum—What was it? A French count or a German baron—Cathedral Standard and Times.

A Square Deal

Is assured you when you buy Dr. Pierce's family medicines for all the ingredients entering into them are printed on the bottle wrapper and they are attested under each as being complete and correct. You know just what you are paying for and that the ingredients are gathered from Nature's laboratory, being selected from the most valuable native medicinal roots and herbs growing in our American forests and fields. The medicines are perfectly harmless, even to the most delicate women and children. Not a drop of alcohol enters into their composition. Much better than any other medicine, especially in these obstinate, hard-to-cure cases, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a specific for all diseases of the mucous membranes, as catarrh, whether of the nasal passages or of the stomach, bowels or pelvic organs. Even its excessive use will yield to this sovereign remedy if it is used perseveringly. In Chronic Catarrh of the Nasal passages, it is well, while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" for the necessary constitutional treatment, to cleanse the passages freely two or three times a day with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This thorough course of treatment generally cures the worst cases.

In coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hard-to-cure cases caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not as good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages; no medicine will do that—but for all the obstinate, chronic coughs, which, if neglected, so badly weaken, lead up to consumption, it is the best medicine that can be taken.

Glycerine plays an important part in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia and weak stomach, attended by sour risings, heart-burn, flatulency, coated tongue, poor appetite, gnawing feeling in stomach, especially in those obstinate, hard-to-cure cases, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a specific for all diseases of the mucous membranes, as catarrh, whether of the nasal passages or of the stomach, bowels or pelvic organs. Even its excessive use will yield to this sovereign remedy if it is used perseveringly. In Chronic Catarrh of the Nasal passages, it is well, while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" for the necessary constitutional treatment, to cleanse the passages freely two or three times a day with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This thorough course of treatment generally cures the worst cases.

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